

The Desert TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

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VOL. I.

THE TWO CASTLES;

A ROMANCE.

(Continued from our last.)

Neat polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay,
Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay,
The sun plays, glittering, on the rocks and spires,
And the lawn brightens with reflected fires.

Savage.

IT needed not very powerful efforts to reconcile them to their new habitation; the luxuriant beauty of the surrounding landscape could not but excite enthusiastic admiration in every spectator. Margaretta was not insensible to the charms of nature; and, happy in the society of her attentive and humble friend Ella, her time passed pleasantly enough at the castle de Montreuil. Together they worked, read, sang, or walked; while the condescending and affable manners of the one, and the unassuming gentleness of the other, insensibly lessened the distance between them, and established a confidential freedom, the more agreeable as the less restrained.

In one of their social rambles, the fineness of the evening tempted them to stroll to the cottage of Pierre La Motte. The rich tints which the setting sun cast on the surrounding scenery forcibly attracted the attention of Margaretta; and Ella, withdrawing her arm, wandered, in pleasing meditation, a few paces forward.

They were on the edge of the eminence on which the castle stood, when a shrill whistle caused Margaretta to start from her reverie.—Her foot slipped, and she rolled with violence down the precipice. Alarmed at her scream, Ella hastened after her as fast as possible; and, when arrived at the bottom, found her to all appearance lifeless, supported in the arms of an elegant youth, who bent over her with the most anxious solicitude depicted in his countenance.

For some time, Ella was too much occupied with her endeavors to recover Margaretta, to pay any attention to the stranger; who, as soon as returning recollection seemed to animate his burthen, extended his hand to Ella, and requested to be introduced. She blushed, looked down, and, in a tremulous accent, murmured "Theodore la Marche."

Margaretta returned his salutation with some little embarrassment; and, not being materially hurt by her fall, they proceeded on their way. Theodore entered into a familiar chat with Ella; and, under various trifling pretences, continued to wait with them. His conversation was lively, sensible, and interesting:—his

manners and person insinuating. When about to return, he begged to be permitted the gratification of seeing them home; a petition which, though undefined by Margaretta, was urged in such an unassuming manner, that she found it impossible to refuse. When presented to Edmund as the preserver of his sister, he modestly declined all thanks; protested that it was entirely owing to his calling to his dog that she met with an accident which might have proved fatal in its consequences.

Edmund laughed, said he feared the danger was not yet over, and they soon became the best friends imaginable.

When Theodore took his leave, Margaretta rallied Ella upon the attentions of the young la Marche. To avoid her arch insinuation, Ella said, that when the unkind treatment of the baron rendered home irksome to Theodore, he would often pay a visit to his old servant at the cottage. At those times he would sit and read to her, often corrected her voice when singing, and took great pains to instruct her in Italian. She declared he had always behaved to her with the affection of a brother rather than with any other pretensions; that her father and mother had always encouraged the intimacy, which she was certain they would not have done, had there been any impropriety.

She spoke with a warmth that excited Margaretta's astonishment.—Edmund smiled at her eloquence; but there was a kind of contemptuous motion in his under lip that cut her to the soul; and she hastily withdrew, to conceal the tears which unbidden rushed to her eyes.—Margaretta instantly quitted the room, first gently chiding her brother for his conduct, and went in search of Ella. She found her leaning against the wall, in an agony of tears. She addressed her in the most endearing expressions; and, after she was a little soothed into composure, led her back to the sitting room, and the subject was then dropped.

A whimsical occurrence happened, a few days after, which served but to confirm the suspicions which Edmund and his sister had entertained, with regard to Ella's attachment.—Walking one evening in the garden, they accidentally heard a conversation between Oda and Maurice; the latter of whom was praising the beauty of his favorite Rosa.

Oda replied, with triumph, "Your girl may be pretty enough; but she is nothing to compare with my Ella."

"Your Ella! (replied Maurice, contemptuously)—Who made her yours?"

"Her consent and mine," retorted Oda with a grin.

Edmund turned to Ella: her pale countenance sufficiently denied the veracity of the charge.

Unable to master his indignation, Edmund rushed between the trees, seized Oda by the collar, exclaiming, "Villain! how dare you speak thus of Miss Lamotte?"

Oda, with a spring, disengaged himself from his grasp, replying, with intrepidity, "By the same authority with which you presume to interfere between us."

Edmund clapped his hand on his sword; but was prevented from drawing it by the screams of Ella, who fainted in the arms of Margaretta. He flew to support her; and Oda stalked away, grinding his teeth with horrid malignity.

Margaretta cut the lace of her stays, to give freer circulation; when a small miniature of a young man, which she instantly recollected to be the resemblance of Theodore, arrested her attention. She endeavored to conceal it from Edmund: but it was too late; his eyes were already rivetted upon it. Willing, however, to spare her delicacy, they let the incident pass unnoticed; and Ella was conveyed into the castle, ignorant of the discovery that had been made.

The following morning, Theodore paid them a visit; but was received by Edmund with a formal politeness, by Margaretta with undissembled coldness, and by Ella with a mixture of artless tenderness and apprehensive timidity. Surprised at a reception so unfriendly, Theodore soon put an end to his visit, and took his leave of them with evident uneasiness.

When they separated for the night, Ella, no longer able to endure the coldness with which she was treated both by Edmund and his sister, threw her arms round the neck of the latter, and implored to know in what she had offended.

Margaretta, moved by her tears from her assumed reserve, embraced her affectionately, and assured her, that, "it was only solicitude for your welfare made me act in a manner which may perhaps be thought unkind and officious by you;" adding, in a softer voice, "Believe me, Ella, my affection for you is not diminished, although you have endeavoured to deceive me."

"Heavens! (cried Ella) in what have I ever attempted to deceive my loved benefactress?"

"By concealing your attachment," Margaretta replied, regarding her attentively.

Confused and abashed, the trembling Ella sunk at her feet.

"Forgive me, dearest madam: let the hopelessness of my state plead my pardon; but, oh! madam, now you have discovered my unhappy secret, will you not spurn me from you for ever?"

"No, my estimable girl, (cried Margaretta, raising her) I will only attempt to point out the impropriety of cherishing a passion which is so unlikely ever to be gratified—"

Ella raised her eyes, with a melancholy ex-

pression, to Margareta, who continued—"at least, while the present insuperable obstacles remain.—The distance at which fortune has placed you from the object of your affection, precludes even hope, notwithstanding a mutual passion may exist."

Ellen grasped her arm.—"Ah! do you say so?"—Then, drawing her hand across her forehead, resumed, "However that may be, do not think, dear madam, that I am so unworthy your kind regard, as to encourage a sentiment which, I plainly see, would but be productive of so much pain to my best, my only friend."

Margareta started, and changed colour. Ella hesitated, and then continued—

"No: I have a soul that could never harbour an ungrateful wish. From this moment, I will suppress my presumptuous hopes."

The dignity of her manner, and the tear of inward distress that glistened in her eyes, so much affected Margareta, that she caught her in her arms, embraced her affectionately, and vowed she would sacrifice her own dearest interest to promote the happiness of her young friend.—Their spirits were so much exhausted, that, unable to continue the conversation, they retired immediately to rest.

(To be continued.)

QUARRELS of the ARABIANS.

[From Heron's Voyages.]

THE Arabians are by no means quarrelsome but when once they enter into a dispute, they make a dreadful bustle: I have often seen their cutlasses drawn, but they are easily prevailed upon to put them up, and become as good friends as ever. For, provided a stranger were to say to them three or four times, "Think on God and his prophet," they are either immediately reconciled to one another, or else they make choice of an umpire, who terminates their difference in an amicable manner. They are perhaps less disposed to give abusive language than the common people in Europe, but, at the same time, they are as easy to be offended, and as eager to be revenged. When one in a rage spits on the ground opposite to another, the offended tamely bears the insult, if he does not think himself able to punish the other for his insolence; but if he does, he gives sufficient proofs of his resentment. I recollect having seen one inadvertently throw a little spittle on the beard of a Mahometan, who took it highly amiss; he, however, who had given the offence immediately asked pardon, and kissed his beard, which piece of submission appeased the other. Nothing can affront a Mahometan more than to say to him, "There is dirt on your beard;" an affront that is often given among the rabble. In general, amongst the lowest people in Arabia, as amongst those of the same description in Europe, insolent expressions pass for sallies of wit, whilst among men of honour they are taken as the most insolent affronts. But when a scheck among the Bedouins says to another, who is of a grave turn of mind, "Thy bonnet is dirty; put it better on; it is awry;" the offended person thinks, (as the people in Europe do, who put one another to death for a word

escaped without intention) that he is not only called upon in point of honour to make an attempt upon the life of him who gave the offence, but likewise upon all the males of his family. With respect to this, I heard the following story at Basra, which happened ten or twelve years since, in the neighbourhood of that city. A man of some distinction, in the tribe of Montefidsj, had married his daughter to an Arabian at Korne. A short while after the nuptials, another Arabian, a native of the same place, and who belonged to a tribe subordinate to that of Montefidsj, asked him, ironically, in a coffee-house, if he was the father of the beautiful young lady at N. N. Upon this the latter considered his daughter's virtue as called in question, and immediately left the company in order to stab her. When he returned, he found that the offender had fled, and from that moment he breathed nothing but vengeance: for a long time he gave himself much unnecessary trouble seeking for his antagonist; and in the mean time, he put to death many of his antagonist's relations and spared neither his domestics nor his beasts. The offender seeing his ruin to be inevitable, offered a large sum to the chief governor of the janissaries at Korne, if he would arrest his enemy, and put him to death. The aga, therefore, ordered the latter to be reconciled, who would by no means comply, but continued still intent upon the death of his adversary. In order to terrify him, the aga now threatened him with immediate death; but as death appeared nothing to him, in comparison of the affront he had received, and the loss of his daughter, the governor, in concert with some persons of distinction, resolved to give a man so full of honour every possible satisfaction. It was therefore agreed upon that the offender should give his daughter to the offended, and a fixed dowry in money, horses, and arms. The latter was now appeased, yet the father-in-law durst never appear to his son-in-law.

Brief CHARACTER of the EARL of CHATHAM (From Coote's England.)

FEW writers have spoken of the earl of Chatham without an animation and a warmth which the greatness of his character inspired. He has been celebrated as the greatest orator and most profound statesmen of his time; as a true patriot, and a man of the most disinterested integrity. But the praises which have been heaped upon him call for modification. His oratory was bold and energetic; full of striking images and grand conceptions: but he had no talent for argumentation; his harangues were loose and desultory: his statements and conclusions were frequently erroneous; and he sought to elevate and surprise, rather than to inform or convince. As a politician, he was inconstant and versatile: his knowledge was limited and superficial; and the warmth of his imagination, inflamed in his youth by the perusal of romances, deprived him of that judgment and temper which ought to guide the speculations of a statesman. His patriotism, if it had been as strong or sincere as his admirers would wish us to believe, might have produced some favours to the public while he

acted as the principal director of the administration; and it may be observed, that, though he discharged his different offices without the imputation of fraud or rapacity, he readily accepted a considerable fortune at the expense of deserted relatives, as well as a large pension, which a person truly disinterested would have refused.

ANECDOTE of EDMUND SAUNDERS.

THIS judge, who made a considerable figure in his own time, arose from the lowest origin. He was chief justice of the court of King's Bench in the reign of Charles II. Roger North, son of the Lord keeper North, who personally knew him says, "His character, and his beginning, were equally strange. He was at first no better than a beggar boy, if not a parish foundling, without known parents or relations. He had found a way to live by obsequiousness (in Clement's Inn, as I remember) and courting the attorneys' clerks for scraps. The extraordinary observance and diligence of the boy made the society willing to do him good. He appeared very ambitious to learn to write; and one of the attorneys got a board knocked up at the window, on the top of the stair case; and that was his desk, where he sat and wrote after copies of court and other hands the clerks gave him. He made himself so expert a writer, that he took in business, and earned some pence by copying writing. And thus, by degrees, he pushed his faculties, and fell to forms, and, by books that were lent him, became an exquisite entering clerk; and, by the same course of improvement of himself, an able counsel first in special pleading, then at large. And, after he was called to the bar, had practice in the King's Bench court, equal to any there." He was corpulent in his person, and somewhat licentious in his manners; but North says, "as to his ordinary dealing, he was honest as the driven snow was white; and why not, having no regard for money, or desire to be rich? And, for good nature and condescension, there was not his fellow."—"As for his parts, none had them more lively than he. Wit and repartee, in an affected rusticity, were natural to him. He was ever ready, and never at a loss; and none come so near as he to be a match for Serjeant Maynard."—"While he sat in the court of King's Bench, he gave the rule to the general satisfaction of the lawyers."

BON MOT of ROUSSEAU.

TWO jesuits asked J. J. Rousseau the favour to communicate to them a secret whereby he was enabled to write on all subjects with so much warmth and eloquence.

"My secret, (replied the philosopher) and I am very sorry it is one to your society, consists in never uttering a sentiment which I do not feel, or making any assertion whatever which I do not really believe."

The Dessert.

SATURDAY, JUNE, 1.

Mr. BRADFORD,

Supposing that whatever has a tendency to benefit the community is entitled to a place in your "Dessert," I request you to insert the following "receipt for curing butter." It is taken from a late publication, and I can assure you it has, on experiment, answered my most sanguine expectations.

A FARMER.

Springfield, May 29.

THE following mode of curing Butter is practised to great advantage, which gives to it a great superiority over that cured in the common way.

Take two parts of the best common Salt, one part of Sugar and one part of Salt Petre; beat them up together, and blend the whole completely. Take one ounce of this composition for every sixteen ounces of Butter—work it well into the mats, and close it up for use. I know of no simple improvements in economics greater than this when compared with the usual mode of curing Butter by means of common Salt alone. I have seen the experiment fairly made of one part of the Butter, made at one time being thus cured, & the other part cured with salt alone, the difference was inconceivable: I should suppose that in any open market, the one would sell for 30 per cent more than the other. The Butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich marrowy consistence and fine color, and never acquires a brittle hardness, nor tastes salt—the other is comparatively hard and brittle, approaching more nearly to the appearance of Tallow, and is much saltier to the taste. I have eaten Butter cured with the above composition, that had been kept three years, and it was as sweet as at first.—But it must be noted that Butter thus cured requires to stand three weeks or a month before it is begun to be used—if it be sooner opened, the salts are not sufficiently blended with it, and sometimes the coolness of the air will plainly be perceived which totally disappears afterwards.

The pernicious practice of keeping milk in earthen vessels and salting Butter in stone jars, practised by many in this country as well as elsewhere, from an idea of cleanliness—when the fact is just the reverse. From the hands of a careful person, nothing can be more clean than wooden dishes, but under the management of a flatterer they discover the secret which earthen and stone dishes indeed do not.

In return, these latter communicate (by the lead with which these vessels are glazed) to the Butter and milk—which has been kept in them, a poisonous quality which inevitably proves destructive to the human constitution: To the prevalence of this practice, I have no doubt we must attribute the frequency of palsies which begin to prevail in this country—for the well known effect of the poison of lead is bodily debility, palsy—death.

SONGS

OF THE NEGROES OF MADAGASCAR.

Translated by M. de Porney.

Put not your trust in the whites, men of the shore. In the time of our fathers, they came out of the sea. We shewed them lands where they might rear huts; where their wives might sow and might reap. We said to them, be just, be good, be our brothers.

The whites promised fairly. We let them make banks about their town, and circle it with their fiery weapons. When they had got a strong hold, they sent priests among us to talk of a new god, and to bid us obey him and them. We said, we will die rather than be slaves to the whites and to their god. We fought against their thunder and lightning. We fell month after month by thousands; but we exterminated all the whites. Put no trust in any more.

Other whites, and mightier, have come from the sea and hung a gay flag upon the shore; but our gods were angry. The rains, and the thunder, and the hot winds went among them, and those who died not, are fled. We yet live free. Put not your trust in the whites, men of the shore.

Ampanani. LOVELY captive what is thy name?

Vainah. I am called Vainah.

Ampanani. Vainah, thou art beautiful as the first beam of the morning. But why hangs the tear on thy long eye-lashes?

Vainah. King, I had a lover.

Ampanani. Where is he?

Vainah. Perhaps he perished in thy battle? perhaps he found safety in flight.

Ampanani. Be he fallen or fled, I will be thy lover.

Vainah. O, king, take pity of the tears that wet thy feet!

Ampanani. What wilt thou?

Vainah. The unhappy one has kissed my eye lids; he has kissed my lips; he has slept upon my bosom; he dwells in my heart! nothing can tear him from it.

Ampanani. Take up the veil, and cover thy young charms.

Vainah. Allow me seek him among the slain or among the fugitives.

Ampanani. Go lovely Vainah. Perish the wretch that would snatch a kiss mingled with tears.

ANECDOTE.

The following Anecdote of Dr. Young, is recorded in Dr. Anderson's edition of the British Poets, and transcribed in a London Review for Sept. 1798.

"Dr. Young walking in his garden at Welwyn in company with two ladies, (one of whom was Elizabeth Lee, to whom he was afterwards married,) a servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak with him; "tell him," says Young, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted upon it that he should go, as this visitor was a man of rank, his patron and his friend; and, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm and the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate, when finding resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

"Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from Heav'n,
Like him I go—and yet to go am loth;
Like him I go—for angels drove us both.
Herd was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

THE LYRE.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION of a
RUSSIAN LOVER'S SONG.

ONWARD old time, make no delay,
To aid imparting Love,
Curtail thy course, bid day and night
In shorter circles move.

Yet more and more increase thy speed,
Till that blest morn arrives,
When fair CLARISSA queen of grace,
Shall be forever mine.

Then give thy wearied wings to rest,
Another boon bestow,
Haste now to make thy suppliant blest,
Then stop to keep him so.

HALL OF HYMEN.

HAIL holy flame! Divine effulgence hail!
Pure as the virgin blush of treezy morn,
Mild as the fanning of the vernal gale,
Bright as the dew drop on the mountain thorn.

MARRIED—On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. ISAAC SILIMAN, late of the State of Connecticut, to Miss ELIZA ASHBURN, of this city.

—On Thursday the 23d inst. by the Right Rev. Dr. White, capt. JOHN HENRY, of the 2d regt. artillery and engineers, to Miss SOPHIA DUCHE, daughter of the late Rev. Jacob Duche, of this city.

—On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Bishop White, Mr. CHARLES L. OGDEN, Merchant, of New-York, to Miss ELIZABETH MEREDITH, daughter of Jonathan Meredith, Esq; of this city.



FOR THE DESSERT.

YOUTHFUL IDEA OF YOUTHFUL LOVE.

(THE FIRST EFFUSIONS OF A YOUTHFUL PEN.)

NYMPH of the grove, my raptur'd voice inspire,

Sing thine own song upon a youthful lyre,
For Edwin's grief, and Suadea's melting pain,
Demand the song, and claim the pitying strain;
Sing, for thou heardest, whilst oft they us'd to rove,

Each sigh complainant to the echoing grove.

'Twas when the Zephyrs of the evening play,

And Sol descending beam'd a milder ray,
That to the wood the love-sick Edwin stole,
And breath'd in sighs the passion of his soul.
Long had his breast the love of Suadea fir'd,
And Suadea's heart a mutual warmth inspir'd.
In vain to speak his passion he had strove,
The modest maid but trusted to the grove;
Yet still the one would glance, the other gaze,
And ev'ry interview increase the blaze.

In the dark grove against a tree reclin'd,
To love and grief the hapless boy resign'd.

Ye woodlands, confidants of Edwin's love,
Ye antient trees, if ever for the dove,
In kind compassion to his cooing strain,
Your echoing hollows told her tale again;
If chance some widow'd turtle passes near,
The welcome echo'd coo attracts her ear.
So if beneath the shade my lovely fair,
Saunters the grove to take the evening air,
Oh! have compassion on thy suppliant's moan,
Declare the love he durst himself not own.

Vain wish! she heard not, though beneath
the shade,

Alike the boy the melting girl was laid;
The pearly drop bedew'd her beauteous face,
Soft'ned each feature, heighten'd ev'ry grace;
Yet love was painted in the tearful eye,
Ambrosial sweets accompanied ev'ry sigh;
Far distant from the unknown lover's moan,
She utters sigh for sigh, and groan for groan.
Ah! why am I thus doom'd in vain to grieve,
Why can't dear Edwin's ears this plaint receive,
Why not along the forest careless stray,
And pitying loving hear me in his way?
'Twould save the blushes of a flame confess'd,
And own as well the passion of my breast.

Edwin.

Compassion for my pains might touch her heart,
Perhaps already she has felt the smart;
Oh! thought, transp'itive of my raptur'd soul,
Dare I to hope she felt the soft controul;
With ev'ry thought would heav'nly joy en-
twine,

Nor ever was a happier pain than mine.

Suadea.

Soft pity's pow'r perhaps his heart might move,
And, ah! perhaps he feels a mutual love.

Oh! could I hope that Edwin would declare
The tender flame, and I the object were,
No more should doubt disturb my soul serene,
No longer pain with pleasure intervene.

Edwin.

But, ah! fond hope, presumptuous of the joy,
Perhaps the girl may love some other boy;
Some favor'd youth is destin'd to her arms,
Some happier youth shall revel in her charms.

Suadea.

Yet, ah! poor girl, restrain the hope-fraught
sigh,

Some fairer nymph attracts young Edwin's eye;
Some happier maid invites his soul to love,
Some brighter charms his captive heart may
move.

Edwin.

Then why should I beseech the echo's aid,
To found my passion to the lovely maid;
And will my soul thus prompt me to reveal
The flame that burns it, and the pangs I feel,
How hopeless then should I declare a pain,
And find my passion answer'd with disdain.

Suadea.

Retract then, Suadea, what thy tongue has
said,

Retract the wish thy simple heart has made;
And shall my passion to his ear be borne,
And borne, alas! to excite not love but scorn;
Shall he the conquest of my heart despise,
Laugh at my pains, and boast him of my sighs?

Edwin.

No! rather grove be silent of my grief,
Silent each hollow, silent ev'ry leaf;
Hush, hush, thou forest, all ye echoes hold,
No more unto the breeze my love be told;
Here on this turf my pallid lips be press'd,
Here to the grove my ev'ry plaint address'd.

Suadea.

Then pass not hither, Dear, bedumb my sigh,
And even fear lest he should hunter by.
Oh! though I love, still let it be unknown,
Or known to me and to the grove alone.

Edwin.

Ah! hapless flame, that in my bosom burns,
And brings vain hope and black despair by turns;
Smother'd within my breast thy sway remains,
There wastes my form, and riots in my veins.

Suadea.

Yes, cruel pain, that dost my form consume,
Wither my youth, and fade my virgin bloom,
Forever reign imprison'd in my breast,
Smother'd forever, even unconfest.

Edwin.

How many others now like me may moan
Their bleeding hearts which Suadea's charms
have torn;

How many wander on some lonely dale,
And sigh forth love tempestuous to the gale?
E'en now some youth upon her smiles may wait,
Watch ev'ry jesture, and forbode their fate.

Suadea.

How many nymphs may now like me be laid,
And mourn the wound his graceful person
made;

How many through some lonely garden stray,
Look up to Heaven, and clasp their hands and
pray,

Some nymph may prompt him to declare
flame,
And hint a passion which she durst not name.

Edwin.

And cannot I like other youths be sold,
Excess of passion does my tongue withhold;
Oh! could her treatment countenance my love,
Some little trifling deed but just approve,
A slender hope might then inspire my heart,
Boldly to act the favor'd lover's part.

Suadea.

Why can't my tongue like theirs, bespeak my
breast,

I love too warmly to attempt a jest;
Oh! would his conduct but betray a sign
Of tender flame, and were the conquest mine,
Then might I boldly try the lover's art,
To draw the lurking passion from his heart.

Edwin.

Ah! cursed doom, the worst of loves is mine,
That fears to speak and chooses to repine;
The joys of Cupid 'tis not mine to prove,
Sad, wretched victim to the pangs of love;
Confest to thee, thou senseless wood alone,
Confest to thee, as well confest to none;
My loud lament thou hast not ears to hear,
The turf that catches cannot feel a tear.

Suadea.

Unhappy passion, worst is that indeed,
Where silence leaves the joyless heart to bleed;
No ray of hope, no intervals of joy,
Lighten my bosom, and my grief decoy;
Dear cause of trouble, here alone confest,
As well forever buried in my breast;
Deaf are the trees to whom my sighs complain,
And dead, the turf receives my tears in vain.

Edwin.

Yet, yet, it pleases here each eve to lie,
And yet it pleases on this turf to lie;
Yet on this green my tears delight to fall,
Yet on this grove my tongue delights to call.

Suadea.

Yet hither still my feet delight to stray,
And still it pleases on this turf to play;
Still love my tears to wet this grassy green,
Still loves my tongue to hail this sylvan scene.

Edwin.

Yes, lonely silence, thee will Edwin court,
To thee his grief, to thee his love resort;
Oh! safe asylum to unhappy love,
Unseen of all, nor seen beyond the grove.

Suadea.

Yes, lovely solitude, to thee I'll mourn,
To thee my grief, to thee my love return;
Oh! sweet retirement, where love may grieve,
And where unheard my breast its sighs may
heave.

Edwin.

But now my soul, Oh! cease thee to complain,
The darksome night forbids me to remain;
Oh! tho' reluctant, quit the grassy bed,
Oh! cease my tears upon this turf to shed.

Suadea.

Adieu! ye solitary shades, adieu!
My stay the night forbids and falling dew.